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THE OLD HOUSE IN CHICK LANE.

Dear to the readers of "the Newgate Calendar" must be the name of Chick Lane. There, in numerous instances, the desperate housebreaker and the bold highwayman met their companions to plan their predatory attacks, and there, the deed done, they hied, in supposed security, to enjoy the proceeds, or fled to seek concealment from the pursuing officers of justice.

Public attention has been called for the last few weeks to an old house, pulled down No. 1228.]

to make way for the new thoroughfare which is to extend from Farrington Street to Clerkenwell. Of this many stories have been told, some of them are sufficiently awful, but as all the collectors of intelligence are not "nice to a shade" about what they relate, it was natural to conclude, in a case like this, that they would draw rather a long bow. It, however, does not appear that they have greatly exceeded what may be received as the truth.

In former times, the house in question [VOL. XLIV.

was the Red Lion. It has been said it was the residence of Jonathan Wild, but this is but matter of conjecture. That he frequently went there to attend to his live stock, to exhort the thieves of his connection to diligence in their vocation, and, as the sessions came round, to "look about him for a decent execution," is more than probable.

Within the last week two skeletons have been found among the ruins. They are supposed to be the remains of unfortunates who had been decoyed to the Red Lion, and having first been plundered of their property, put to death that they might not be the means of bringing the banditti into whose hands they had fallen, to justice.

Not always was the spot such as it has been for the last two centuries—the abode of crime and misery. A publication of the day tells us that it was an aristocratic part of the metropolis. It goes on to say:

"The dilapidated building in the rear, now used as penny lodgings, formed part of a respectable homestead called Chalk Farm, and adjoining were long ranges of stabling, where the fleetest coursers were kept in constant readiness for instant pursuit when booty was to be had, or speedy flight and almost certain escape when danger rendered it necessary. Subsequently the most notorious footpads, burglars, and receivers of stolen goods have made it their hiding place and depository, among whom Jonathan Wild, Jack Sheppard, and Jerry Abershaw stand conspicuous in the annals of crime. Its situation alongside the Fleet-ditch, whose rapid current carried off everything thrown in it to the Thames, admirably adapted it for these purposes; its various means of escape, its dark closets, trap-doors, sliding panels, secret recesses, and intricate passages, rendering it one of the most secure places for concealment, as well as robbery and murder. The discovery of a human skull and some bones in the dismal vaults underneath, and part of the handle of a butcher's steel, who was executed in the latter part of the last century for murder, and the almost recent fact of the sailor who was robbed and thrown into the Fleet-ditch, sufficiently prove that its inmates did not scruple to attain their ends by violence if necessary."

Part of a butcher's steel has been found, the handle marked, "Benj. Turl, July 19, 1787." It is represented to have belonged to a butcher, a man of bad character, who about that period, or somewhat later, suffered the last penalty of the law."

One room, which was used as a chandler's shop by way of blind, and was provided with a trap-door, through which both thief and booty could immediately be lowered to a cellar beneath, and might thence

pass by a plank over Fleet-ditch, and gain a refuge in some of the allies inhabited by other "family people," as they are termed, who communicate with Cow-cross.

It is confidently affirmed that many victims have been thrown from this house into the running stream close to it, which was thus made to bear more than the

"Large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,"

for which Pope gives Fleet-ditch credit. A sailor was thrown naked out of a window by a disorderly female. He fell into the water, and was found dead near Blackfriars Bridge. One room was set apart for coining, and provided with all the requisite apparatus; and another was kept as a warehouse for stolen goods, in which was a shoot, or spout, through which property could be expeditiously conveyed to the cellar, and there, by the connivance of the police, perhaps, safely concealed. Jones, the sweep, who escaped from Newgate, some years ago, for some time here successfully eluded pursuit.

The change which a few months will effect in transforming this from one of the meanest to one of the handsomest parts of London, will be not a little striking, but nothing can be more so, than that which has already been witnessed here. From this spot the Priory of Clerkenwell was seen, and the church; and, in a popular tale, by a modern writer, one of the characters describing the scene, such as it existed four centuries ago, thus delivers himself:

"Those tall elms mark the spot where the 'Skinners' Well is found, where that craft do repair to enact, at times, mysteries of their own, after the manner of the parish clerks. How noble looketh that vast square tower of Paul's, which seemeth lord over all the neighbouring churches, whose tops are now seen. How gay is this hill which we stand upon, and what a beauteous verdure decketh, late as is the season, that which holds the priory on its summit! Then, further south, mark you another noble building? That is the hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, and leading from it, citywards, behold the mills which belong to the fraternity, and which are worked by means of that brook which windeth along in the valley. Turn-mill Brook it is called, and you may almost see it join the river of Wells, while the Oldbourne is hastening from the west to meet and unite with it. Then, near the place of their junction, ye must observe a mighty edifice, adorned with much workmanship and cunning. It standeth hard by Old-bourne, and is the palace of the Bishop of Ely. It was thus handsomely set forth by Bishop Arundel, when he did fill the see. Looking at so costly a pile, and its spacious gardens, and

at the other objects to which I have turned your eyes, and contemplating these shady retreats, while ye survey at so small distance the whole extent of London, say, have ye often seen an eminence commanding in its prospects so much of the gallant magnificence of art, and possessing in itself so largely the marvellous beauties of nature, as this same right famous Saffron-hill !"

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXVII.—CREDULITY AND SUPERSTITION.

Talk as you will, venerable sir, you will never convince me that you of the eighteenth century were not a superstitious and credulous race. To what other cause is to be ascribed the success of the mischievous tricks of the Cock-Lane ghost, or the more deeply-laid and infamous plot of the South Sea Bubble? Our grandsires were still more credulous than us moderns—than us even, dupes of artful speculators though we have been made, and they were more superstitious than us, the contemporaries of Johanna Southcot!

The most absurd, and yet (I had almost said, *consequently*) the most general species of superstition, was the popular belief in witchcraft. If a man died or a cow fell sick, if the harvest were light or the weather cold, man, cow, harvest, weather and all, were declared to be bewitched; and if, by any misfortune, an old crone could be found hobbling about the neighbourhood, she was at once reputed to be the witch. And there was never wanting evidence of her being an adept in the black art; one had seen her tête-à-tête with the devil himself, another detected her drawing magical circles on the ceiling, a third produced sundry 'mysterious characters which he had discovered in her cottage; (and, be it known, in those days and in the absence of the schoolmaster, *all* characters, with the English alphabet itself, were hieroglyphical to the greater portion of the lower classes)—a fourth detected something peculiarly malicious and sinister in the face of the old lady's cat, and that hapless animal was forthwith denounced as the "familiar spirit" which assisted her machinations. In short, everything, to her very chairs and tables, was made to furnish "proof conclusive" of her evil practices, and the unhappy beldam was condemned as a witch, and sentenced to the usual ordeal, "swimming or sinking." Accordingly, on the day of trial, a motley crowd of peasantry assembled round the nearest pond, and the old woman, bound hand and foot, and enveloped in a sheet, was dragged to the spot,

and plunged into the water.* Here she had the choice of two deaths—if she sank, she would most likely be drowned; if she swam, she was decidedly a witch, and was either held under water, or despatched in some other way. The journals of the time frequently relate one of these occurrences, usually terminating in the death of the victim—sometimes immediately by violence, sometimes ultimately through cold or alarm—but whether the cows of the neighbourhood ceased to fall sick, or men to die, after the old woman's murder, does not appear.

Awful days were those of the eighteenth century, with goblins, ghosts, witches and wizards—for our worthy ancestors, not content with enchantresses, would fain have male witches or wizards into the bargain, and treated them with equal severity too. Then there were conjurors and fortune-tellers to curious ladies, who, for a shilling, would show you a *handsome* husband in the grounds of a tea-cup; for half-a-crown would introduce you a *rich* husband; and for a five-shilling piece, ensure you both a rich and handsome husband! Favored old ladies they were though, to be thus honored with a glance into the Book of Fate—to have revealed to them, in the formation of the fire or the bottom of a cup; and whenever they chose to chaunt a song or touch a pack of cards, the fortunes and misfortunes of those who consulted them, and to be enabled to decide who was to be the happy possessor of a prize in the lottery or a handsome husband!

Here is the handbill issued by a London professor of the Black Art in 1777.

"Mrs. Edwards, who in Hungary, Russia, China, and Tartary, has studied the abstruse and occult sciences, under the most learned sages, augurs, astronomers, and soothsayers, is returned to England, after many years of studious application, and most humbly dedicates her knowledge in prescience to the ladies, being fully acquainted with the mysteries and secrets of the profession, and amply provided with the requisite art and skill to answer all admissible questions in astrology. N. B.—She may be consulted from ten in the morning to nine at night, at No. 22 (a pastrycook's), opposite Bow Street, in Great Russell Street, Covent-Garden."

What think you of this, ye wandering gipsies and vagrant fortune-tellers of the present day?—what think ye of the times when one of your "profession" (mark the term!) could afford to travel over the globe in the pursuit of mystical knowledge, to issue handbills to make known her fame,

* [Our correspondent, we think, rather too freely in this case, gives the eighteenth century credit for the practice common towards the close of the seventeenth.—Ed.]

and to occupy the first floor of a pastry-cook's in Covent Garden. But this was no rarity in those days, for, not many years before, a male fortune-teller located himself in the Old Bailey, and whilst he was in the zenith of his fame, it is reported that the thoroughfare was frequently rendered impassable by the number of carriages waiting at his door, which had conveyed the nobility and gentry to have their fortunes told!

CHAPTER XXVIII.—BODY STEALING.

"One half of the world," says the philosopher, "lives upon the other half;" and not only does this maxim apply to the quick, but, in the last century, it extended even to the dead; and man, not content with preying upon man whilst living, made his very corpse an article of merchandise and profit. The grave was scarce closed, and the mould thrown upon the coffin, ere the hands of the despoiler tore it from its resting place, and the body of the deceased, tossed into a coach, was conveyed to the dissecting room of an hospital or the study of a surgeon.

These "resurrectionists," or "body snatchers" (for they enjoyed both appellations,) vigilantly watched for every funeral; they marked the exact spot where the corpse was interred, and when midnight darkness favored their designs, the grave was stealthily opened and robbed of its tenant. Occasionally in their search, the ruffians were rewarded, beyond the pay which they received from the surgeons who employed them, by finding a gold ring or some other trinket which had been inadvertently left upon the body; and the hope of meeting with such a prize, frequently stimulated others who were not regularly employed, to follow the same disgusting practices.

From a statement published in the year 1777, it appears that, during the winter months, from fifty to a hundred bodies were weekly disinterred and sold to medical lecturers and their pupils. It is also stated that there was a "contractor general" in London, who kept a great number of body stealers in his service, and who furnished the surgeons with a constant supply of "subjects." It will appear almost incredible that such daring offences could have been committed in the neighbourhood of London, but the pay was so considerable, the punishment, where detection ensued, so inadequate, and the police so inefficient, that they were suffered with impunity, the bodies being carried openly through the most public thoroughfares. Sedan chairs and hackney coaches were frequently used in the transmission of the remains, and, although in nine cases out of ten, the watchmen were aware of the contents of these vehicles, they seldom interfered, and allowed the "watchers" to deliver their illegal

spoils at the very surgeries of their employers, without caring to molest them.

These practices, it is proper to state, did not end with the eighteenth century. They were continued till a very recent date, and perhaps have not yet wholly ceased. To such a pitch was the practice carried on, that not only did dead bodies become articles of commerce, and as such were regularly imported from foreign countries, but, worse than that, wretches were found, both in Scotland and in England, who actually murdered unhappy beings for the purpose of selling their remains to the surgeons.

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguerite," &c.

PART I.—THE THUGS, OR STRANGLERS.

CHAPTER V.—THE RUINS OF TCHANDI.

(Continued.)

The person stretched upon the floor was about thirty years of age; his dark copper colour, his large white robe, and his small turban striped with brown and yellow, foretold that he belonged to the pure Hindoo race. His sleep seemed disturbed by some fearful dream; a cold perspiration stood upon his forehead; he spoke in his sleep, and each sentence was accompanied by convulsive movements.

"Still that dream," said Faranghea to the negro; "he is still dreaming about that man."

"What man?"

"Do you not remember, about five years ago, that the ferocious Colonel Kennedy, the scourge of the Indians, came with twenty horses, four elephants, and fifty servants, to hunt the tiger?"

"Yes, yes," said the negro, "and we three made a better day's work than he did. Kennedy, with his horses, elephants, and numerous servants, did not kill the tiger, while we did ours. Yes," he added, with irony, "the tiger of the human race fell into our ambushade, and the brethren of the good work offered up, as a sacrifice, this excellent prey, to the goddess Bohwanie."

"You remember," said Faranghea, "that the moment we were drawing the cord round the neck of Kennedy, the traveller appeared by our side. He saw what we had done, and of course we had to do away with him. Since that time," added Faranghea, looking at the man on the floor, "he has always been restless in his sleep."

Listen; he is repeating the words of the traveller, when we offered to spare him if he would join us in the good cause."

The Indian pronounced aloud a mysterious conversation which had transpired between him and the traveller.

"Wherefore that black mark on your forehead? is it a fatal mark? Your looks are sad and mournful. Have you been persecuted? Join us—Bohwanie will revenge your wrongs. Have you suffered much?"

"Yes, and for a long time."

"Do you wish to return blow for blow?"

"I wish to return love for hatred."

"Who are you, who return good for evil?"

"I am he who loves, who suffers, and who pardons."

"Brother," said the negro to Faranghea, "he has not forgotten the words that the traveller spoke before his death. Listen, he continues; how pale he is!"

"Traveller, there are three of us; we are courageous, and carry death in our hands. You saw us offering up a sacrifice to the good work: Be one of us, or die. Die, die! What a look. Not thus; do not look at me thus!"

In saying these last words, the Indian, as if to shun some dreadful object, drew back, and awoke, his forehead bathed in cold perspiration.

"Brother," said Faranghea, "still that dream of yours. For a hardy hunter of men, your head is somewhat weak; happily, however, your heart and hand are powerful."

The Indian remained a moment silent; then pressing his forehead with his hand, he said,

"For a long time I have not dreamt about this mysterious traveller."

"The man is dead," said Faranghea, shrugging his shoulders. "You yourself fastened the cord round his neck. Did we not bury him, with Colonel Kennedy, among the sand and rushes?"

"Yes, we did so," said the Indian, shuddering, nevertheless. "A year ago, when I was waiting, one evening, near Bombay, for one of our brethren, I heard a calm, slow step. It was he, who had just left the city."

"A vision," said the negro.

"Or a striking likeness," added Faranghea.

"I knew him by his black eye-brows; I knew him, and remained horrified. He stopped, and fixed his calm, sad look upon me. I involuntarily exclaimed, 'It is he.'"

"It is I," added he, with a soft voice, "for all you murder, are, like me, born again; and he pointed up to heaven. 'Why do you commit murder? Listen. I come from Java, and am going to the other extremity

of the globe, in a country of eternal snow. Here or there, on a warm or frozen soil, I am the same. So the souls of your victims, whether in this world or above, still exists; you cannot extinguish them. Wherefore, then, do you kill?" and drawing his head away sadly, he walked on. I gazed after him, but could not move a step; as the sun was setting, he reached the summit of the hill, then disappeared. It was he; yes! yes!"

After a few moments' silence, Faranghea said,

"That is possible; perhaps the knot was not tied properly round the traveller's neck, perhaps a breath of life remained, and the wind which penetrated the rushes was the means of bringing him again to life."

"No, no," said the Indian, shaking his head; "he is not one of us."

"Explain yourself."

"Listen," said the Indian, solemnly, "The number of victims that the sons of Bohwanie has offered up for ages, is nothing when compared with the immense number of dead and dying that the mysterious traveller leaves behind him in his homicidal walk."

"His walk!" cried Faranghea and the black.

"Yes," said the Indian; "when I met this traveller at the gates of Bombay, he had come from Java, and was going to the north. Next day, Bombay was ravaged by the cholera, and sometime afterwards, we learnt that that fatal scourge had broken out at Java."

"It is true," said the negro.

"I am going to the north—a country of eternal snow," said the traveller.

"The cholera broke out at Muscat, Is-pahan, Tauris, Tiflis, and at last reached Siberia."

"That is true," said Faranghea, becoming pensive.

"The cholera," continued the Indian, "proceeded only five or six leagues per day, which is about a day's march. It never appeared in two places at once, but it advanced slowly and steadily."

At this strange coincidence, the two companions of the Indian looked at each other in astonishment, and exclaimed,

"Do you think that man—"

"I think," interrupted the Indian, "that he has been restored to life by some infernal divinity, and has been commissioned to spread that dreadful disease over the earth, and to leave behind his steps the horrors of death!"

Faranghea and the negro remained lost in wonder. The Indian spoke the truth; that dreadful scourge progressed only about five or six leagues a day, and never broke out simultaneously in two places. He picked out provinces in a country, villages

in provinces, quarters in villages, streets in quarters, and houses in streets. It had even its resting-places; then continued its slow, mysterious, and terrible march.

The moon still continued to cast her silvery light upon the imposing ruins; the stars twinkled in the heavens; and from time to time, a gentle breeze rustled the thick foliage of the bananier and palm-trees.

The pedestal of the gigantic statue moved round, and a man in uniform thrust his body out, looked round him, then listened attentively. Seeing the light, which escaped from the crevices in the door of the hut, he made a sign, and he, with several other soldiers, ascended the steps of the subterranean vault, and stole stealthily amongst the ruins.

CHAPTER VI.—THE AMBUSCADE.

Faranghea, wishing to dispel the sad thoughts to which the words of the Indian had given rise, suddenly changed the conversation. His eyes sparkled, his countenance assumed an expression of savage joy, and he cried:—

“Bohwanie will always watch over us—intrepid and courageous hunters of men. Courage, courage, brethren. The world is large, our prey is every where. The English force us to leave India; us, three chiefs of the *good work*. What does it matter!—We leave our followers there, who are as numerous and as terrible as the black scorpions whose appearances are marked with death. Exile enlarges our dominions. Brother,” he said, looking at the Indian, “America is for you; Africa for you,” he added, looking at the negro; “and for me Europe. Wherever there are men, there also will be found persecution, and where persecution exists, hearts will be found swollen up with hatred. It is our duty, then, to inflame that hatred, and excite vengeance and revenge. It is for us, by means of wiles and seduction, to enlist people; to cause all those whose zeal and courage can be useful, as servants to Bohwanie, to join us. All those who refuse to do so, are our enemies; and let us deal with them as such. For us, there is neither family nor country; our family is our brethren, our country the world.”

This savage eloquence had a powerful effect upon the negro and the Indian.

“Yes, you are right, brother,” cried the Indian. “Let us share the exultation of Faranghea. The world is our country, and here, even at Java, let us leave traces behind us. Before our departure, let us establish the *good work* in this island. It will prosper here, for misery is great in this place. The Dutch are as rapacious

as the English. In the marshes of this island, which prove fatal to those who labour in them, there are men whom necessity has compelled to toil in those unwholesome places, who are daily dying from fatigue and hunger. Brethren, the *good work* will flourish in this country.”

“The other evening,” said Faranghea, “as I was standing on the banks of the lake, a young woman, whose scanty clothing exposed her emaciated form and sunburnt skin, appeared, carrying a child in her arms; she pressed it to her bosom; kissed it three times, and after saying, ‘Thou, at least, shalt not be wretched, like thy father,’ she threw it into the stream. Brethren, in this place, mothers in pity kill their children. The *good work* is sure to flourish here.”

“Yes, here, and in every other country where there are oppression, misery, corruption, and slavery.”

“Could we but count Djalma as one of ours, this voyage to Java would be a profitable one. He has many reasons for hating mankind. When he comes, we will remind him of the death of his father, the loss of his property, and the massacre of all his followers.”

“Do you think the Malay has succeeded in surprising Djalma in his sleep?”

“There are few braver or more active than the Malay,” said Faranghea. “Mahal, the smuggler, told me that the Malay had the courage to confront a black panther when suckling its young one; that he killed the mother, and took away its offspring, which he gave to the smuggler, who afterwards sold it to the captain of an European vessel.”

“The Malay has succeeded” cried the Indian on hearing a singular screech, like that of the vulture when carrying off its prey.

A moment afterwards he appeared at the hut.

“Well,” asked the negro, “have you succeeded?”

“Djalma,” replied the Malay, with pride, “shall bear all his life the sign of the *good work*.”

“And Djalma did not awake?” demanded the Indian, in astonishment.

“If he had,” replied the Malay, calmly, “I would have been a dead man; for I was not to take his life.”

“Because,” said Faranghea, “his life may be useful to us.—Brother, you risked your life to-day; what we did yesterday; what we shall do to-morrow. To-day, you obeyed, to-morrow, you shall command.”

“We all belong to Bohwanie,” said the Malay. “Is there anything to do—I am ready.” Then casting his eyes towards the door, he started, exclaiming, in a low voice, “Djalma is coming.”

"He must not see me yet," said Faranghea, rising, and retiring to a dark corner of the hut. "Try to convince him; if he refuses, I have my plans."

At the sight of the three men, Djalma, at first, drew back in surprise, but not being aware that they belonged to the sect of Phansegars, and knowing that in this country, where there are no inns, travellers often pass the night in tents, or amongst ruins, he approached them, and said to the Indian, "I expected to meet an European here—a Frenchman."

"He has not come yet," replied the Indian, "but he will not be long."

"You know him," demanded Djalma, in surprise.

"He was to meet us here."

"What to do?" demanded Djalma, becoming more and more astonished.

"You will know when he arrives."

"Was it General Simon who appointed to meet you in this place?"

"It was."

"And who are you?"

"Who are we," said the Indian, "we are thine; if you will be with us."

"I do not require you—nor you me."

"You deceive yourself. The English killed your father, who was a king; they imprisoned you, and robbed you of your rights; your father was just, brave, and loved by his subjects. Would you leave his death unavenged—does the hatred which rankles at your heart not excite you to vengeance?"

"My father fell, sword in hand, and I revenged his death on the English whom I killed during the war. When they gave me my liberty I swore I would never return to India, and I shall keep my oath."

"Those who deprived you of all, those who made you captive, who killed your father, were men. They are to be found everywhere—on them revenge yourself."

"These men are innocent of the wrongs done me."

"They are men—accomplices—let your hatred, then, fall upon them."

"Your words are strange and obscure; I have no hatred. If I have an enemy who is worthy of my anger, I fight him; if he is unworthy of it, I despise him: therefore I neither hate the brave nor the cowardly."

"Treason!" cried the negro, pointing to the door of the hut.

At that word, Faranghea rushed from his hiding-place, drew his poniard, bounded like a tiger out of the hut, and seeing a file of soldiers advancing with precaution, he stabbed one, upset two others, and disappeared amongst the ruins, pursued by several soldiers.

The negro, the Malay, and the Indian, deeming resistance fruitless, exchanged a

few words, then held out their arms to the soldiers, who immediately bound them with cords, which they had brought on purpose.

The captain, who was a Dutchman, entered the caban, and pointing to Djalma, said,

"This one, too."

Djalma was lost in surprise, and scarcely knew what was going on, but on seeing the sergeant and two officers advance with cords in their hands to bind him, he pushed them back with violence, causing them to reel towards the door.

"Why would you bind me, as you do these men?" Djalma said, addressing the officer.

"Why bind you, wretch?" said the officer; "because you belong to a band of murderers! And you," he added, turning to the soldiers, "are you afraid of him?"

"You are mistaken," said Djalma, with calmness. "I have only been here a quarter of an hour; I do not know these men; I expected to meet a Frenchman here."

"You are not a Phansegar like them."

"Like them," Djalma said. "Do they belong to that horrible band of murderers; and do you accuse me of being one of the party. I am calm," he added with a disdainful smile.

"Then everything will be known by and by; and if you are innocent you will be liberated. I find you with them, which justifies me in taking you. I admit that there is a great difference between you; but I must be strict. One of my soldiers is killed and another wounded. Allow yourself to be bound; resistance is of no avail."

"I tell you," said Djalma, "that I have the greatest horror for these murderers—that I came—"

"The sons," interrupted the negro with savage joy, who was irritated at the remarks of Djalma, "the sons of the good work carry signs on their flesh. Our hour is come, and we submit. Look at our arms, then look at that of the young man—"

"You will see that he is one of us; that Bohwanie's name is on his left arm," said the Malay.

"If you have not that mark" said the officer, your innocence will almost be admitted."

Djalma with disdain drew up the sleeve of his robe, and exposed his naked arm.

"What effrontery," said the officer; then he added, after he had examined the arms of the Phansegars, "Miserable wretch, you deserve less pity than your companions. Bind him as a vile assassin—treat him as a base, cowardly wretch."

Djalma, stupified, his eyes fixed upon the fatal mark, could not utter a word, nor did he make the least resistance.

The officer, finding the soldiers had not

succeeded in apprehending Faranghea, returned to Batavia with his prisoners.

A few hours after these events, Josué Van Dael finished his long memorandum, addressed to M. Rodin.

"Three murderers have been delivered up to justice, and Djalma has been arrested. I have already convinced the governor of his innocence, but he will be obliged to remain a month in prison, therefore, he cannot go by the Ruyter, and it will be impossible for him to be in France by the 13th of February.

"You see that I have executed all your orders; that I have made use of the means placed in my power, and I only trust that the end will justify all, for you told me that this was an affair of great moment.

"With you I have been, what we ought always to be, a passive instrument in the hands of our superiors. May obedience and courage, secrecy and patience, union and devotedness, exist among all of us who know each other in the midst of other men; who have for our country — the world; for our family—our brethren! for our queen—Rome.

"J. V."

About ten in the morning, Mahal, the smuggler, set out with this despatch, to go on board the Ruyter. An hour afterwards, near the place where he had left his bark, and where he had to go before getting on board the Ruyter, he was strangled, and his body was concealed among the bulrushes.

Sometime after the departure of the Ruyter, the body of the smuggler was discovered, and M. Josué caused a search to be made for the documents which he had given him. Nothing was found, not even the letter that he had received to give to the captain to secure his passage.

Active measures were then taken to apprehend Faranghea, but the dangerous chief of the Phansegars was never afterwards seen in the island of Java.

(To be continued.)

PERSECUTION, OR THE STORY OF COUNT RABY.

(Continued from page 120.)

Here the unfortunate count painfully expected the daring attempts he had made to arrest the progress of fraud. The misery he experienced it is not easy to paint. From the number of unhappy creatures being confined within a space so circumscribed, the heat and stench became intolerable; he soon found himself swarming with hateful vermin; and the disgusting scene constantly before his eyes, where twenty ill-fed and unclean wretches, were shut up in the same room, and denied all the ordinary conveniences of civilised life, al-

most turned his brain. His health declined, his sight grew dim, his head became giddy; he breathed with difficulty, and he could hardly stand. To this succeeded on the third day a violent vomiting of blood; yet still no attempt was made to afford him relief. In this dreadful condition the unfortunate nobleman remained eleven days, during which period he had no sustenance but bread and water. New afflictions, were, however, to be added, and he was now inhumanely loaded with irons. A change was then made in his treatment, but it could hardly be said to be for the better. He was placed in a narrow damp dungeon, inaccessible to every ray of light.

He now began to resign himself to despair; denied the means of communicating with the emperor, he had no prospect before him, but that of being left where he was to end his melancholy career, unpitied and unknown: it was ordered otherwise. Through the intimation of the baron Orezy, he was removed to a better prison—to that in which the nobility had usually been confined.

This was certainly an amelioration of his condition; but this same malevolent spirit which had persecuted him so long, continued to pursue, and manifested itself in petty annoyances, which were most acutely felt. A bird had been sent to him by a friend to afford him some amusement in his lonely hours, to which he became attached. One day having been summoned to attend a court of inquiry, on his return he found his little feathered friend hanging dead on the grate of his dungeon. Another was sent to him, which was also killed. He then contrived to tame a mouse, which came at his call, and amused him with its playfulness. This was deemed too high a gratification to be allowed to one who had so awfully offended, and the little animal was poisoned. In addition to this, count Malayath, the president of the court of inquiry, to gratify his persecutors, subjected him to numerous insidious and annoying interrogatories.

At length, completely wearied out by such proceedings, he declared to the president, that, seeing there was not the least hope of obtaining justice at the hands of his self-created judges, he committed his cause to the supreme judge of the world, being resolved to abstain from all further denunciations to the emperor, and protested that he had not accepted from any selfish view, the commission with which he had been charged by his sovereign, but in executing his command had sacrificed a great part of his fortune. This declaration was, however, of no use to him, his fetters being exchanged for heavier ones, and his treatment rendered still more intolerable. In this desponding situation he heard that the

emperor had arrived at the encampment near Pesth, within a small distance of the place of his captivity, and he contrived to send off two petitions, but received no answer. His clients now presented a memorial on his behalf to the monarch, signed by more than a hundred respectable inhabitants, praying that he would vouchsafe to order the prisoner to be set at liberty, and pledging their lives and fortunes for his innocence. Closely as he was guarded, he was nevertheless informed of all that was passing by some servants of the court, who were partly prompted by humanity, and partly gained over by large bribes to assist him. They provided him with writing materials, took his letters to the post-office, and brought him receipts for their delivery, receiving for each letter fifty ducats. The gaoler's servants being suspected of having assisted him, were severely flogged, and put in heavy irons. Several of them were shockingly maltreated. The emperor, who had been made to believe that count de Raby had been long ago liberated, was highly surprised when he learned that none of his commands had been regarded. He ordered count Ziezky to appear before him, reprimanding him severely for having repeatedly deceived him, commanded him, on pain of being cashiered, to liberate count de Raby without further delay; and an order was now issued for his discharge, but to no effect. Some unknown persons were bribed to persuade him to make his escape, offering him their aid, but he gave their anonymous notes to the keeper of the prison. His judges, being determined not to admit their being in the wrong, could not resolve to liberate him in a legal way. They, besides, apprehended that, if he should recover his liberty in the regular form, some serious consequences to themselves might result from it. More irons were put upon him, and his allowance, which had been ten kreuzers (six and a half dra.) a day, was at first reduced to seven, and at last to four kreuzers (one and a quarter drachm.) Count Malayath repeated his captious interrogatories, and the prisoner was frequently kept standing, heavily chained, till one o'clock in the morning. All attempts to ensnare him having proved abortive, he expected every hour that he should be discharged, but was ordered again for examination. Being very ill from a violent vomiting of blood, and nearly deprived of the power of motion, from want of exercise, whilst the weather was excessively cold, he begged to be excused attending the court, and obtained leave to have his cell warmed three times a day. The order issued for that purpose, was, however, executed so over zealously, that the stove of his cell was cracked in several places, and the suffocating heat greatly ag-

gravated his misery. Nevertheless he gradually recovered. One night, being fast asleep, he was suddenly roused by the appearance of twenty-four fellows in Turkish garments, having their faces covered with black crape, and being armed with muskets, pistols, and long knives. They pretended to have been sent by the community of St. André and the emperor to deliver him from captivity, threatening him with instant death if he refused to follow them. Upon his declining to avail himself of their assistance, they dragged him from his couch, knocked off his fetters, and carried him, unopposed by the numerous guards that were in the prison yard, to the bank of the Danube, where a vessel was in waiting to receive him and his pretended liberators. Having rowed their boat across the river, they placed him in a carriage with three of his conductors. He soon perceived that he was on the road to Vienna. Ill, and thinly clad as he was, the piercing air of a cold December night, made him apprehend that he should die on the road.

(To be continued.)

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF BOLINGBROKE.



Arms.—Ar., on a chief gu., two mullets, or.
Crest.—A mount ppr., thereupon a falcon rising, belled or., ducally gorged, gu.
Supporters.—Two eagles, wings endorsed, or., ducally crowned, gu., each charged on the breast with a pair of horse hemes tied at the top and bottom, ppr., within which is per pale ar., and of the second.
Motto.—"Nec quærere, nec spernere honorem."—
 "Neither seek nor disdain honours."

This family, springing in the male line from the Ports, lords of Basing, in the county of Southampton, at the Conquest, comes through the female line from William de St. John (the name was taken from the territory of St. John, near Rouen), who came into England with the Conqueror as grand master of the artillery, and supervisor of the wagons and carriages; whence the horses' hemes, or collar, was borne for his cognizance. He married Olivia, daughter of Ralph de Filgiers, of

Normandy, and had by her, Thomas, who died without issue, and John de St. John, who inherited, on the demise of his brother, all the lands in England, and principally the lordship of Stanton, in the county of Oxon (for distinction from other towns of the same name, called Stanton St. John). This John was a person of great eminence in the reign of William Rufus, being one of the twelve knights that accompanied Robert Fitz-Hamor, earl of Gloucester, in an expedition against the Welch; and received in reward for his great services and prowess contributing to many victories, the castle of Faumont, in the county of Glamorgan. He had issue a daughter, Avoris, who was married to Sir Bernard de St. Valery; and two sons, Roger, of whom presently, and Thomas, lord of Stanton St. John (living 13 Hen. 2), whose son Roger was assessed £133 6s. 8d. for trespassing in the king's forests (22 Hen. 2). The grandson of this Roger, John St. John, was killed at the battle of Evesham (43 Edw. 3). He was in the holy wars with Richard I, who, at the siege of Acon, in Palestine, adopted the device of tying a leathern thong, or garter, round the left leg of a certain number of knights (one of whom was this John St. John), that they might be impelled to higher deeds of valour. This is supposed by some to have given the idea of the Garter. The elder son, Roger de St. John, married Cicely, daughter and heiress of Robert de Haya, lord of the manor of Halaac, in the county of Suffolk, a kinsman of Henry I, and had, with two sons, a daughter, Murial, who married Reginald de Aurea Valle, or O-royle, and had a daughter, Mabil Oroyle, who married Adam de Port, a powerful feudal baron, having the head of his barony at Basing, in the county of Southampton; and had a son and heir, who, assuming the surname of his maternal ancestors, became William de St. John, lord of Basing, in which lordship, and his other territorial possessions, he was succeeded by his son, Robert de St. John, lord of Basing, who (in the 42d of Henry III) had summons to be at Chester on Monday next after the feast of St. John the Baptist, well accoutred with horse and arms, to oppose the invasions of the Welch. From John, the eldest son of this feudal lord, by Agnes, daughter of William de Cantelupe, descended the lords of St. John of Basing, represented by the marquis of Winchester; and from the second, William de St. John, of the castle of Faumont, in the county of Glamorgan, sprang Sir Oliver St. John, who acquired the lordship of Bletshae, in the reign of Henry IV, with his wife Margaret, daughter of Sir John Beauchamp, and sister and sole heiress of John, lord Beauchamp, of Bletshae, in the county of North-

ampton, by which marriage Lydiard Tregoze came also into the family of St. John. Sir Oliver St. John died 1437, and his widow married, secondly, John Beaufort, duke of Somerset, K.G., by whom she had a daughter, Margaret, who married Edmund Tudor, earl of Richmond, and by him became mother of Henry VII. From the elder son of Sir Oliver, Sir John St. John, knight, descended the lords St. John, of Bletshae. The second son, Oliver St. John, had the lordship of Lydiard Tregoze, and was, as Leland writes in his Itinerary, a stout, black man, and died at Fontarabia, in Spain. He married Elizabeth, daughter of lord Scroope, and left, with three daughters, an only son and heir, Sir John St. John, chamberlain of Margaret, countess of Richmond (this lady founded St. John's and Christ's colleges at Cambridge), grandmother of Henry VII, and one of the executors of her will. Sir John died in 1512, and was succeeded by his son, John St. John, whose son and heir, Nicholas St. John, esquire, of Lydiard Tregoze, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Blount, of Maple Durham, in the county of Oxford, and had issue John (Sir), who inherited Lydiard; Oliver, of whom presently; and Richard. The second son, Oliver St. John, having the misfortune to kill, in a duel, one Best, captain of the guard to queen Elizabeth, was obliged to relinquish the study of the law, and fly the kingdom. Adopting a military life, he attained considerable renown in the wars of Elizabeth and James in Ireland, and was eventually advanced to the peerage of that kingdom as viscount Grandison, with limitation to the issue of his nephew, Sir Edward Villers (which viscounty now verges in the earldom of Jersey), and to the peerage of England by the title of baron Tregoze. In the next year, his lordship obtained a grant of the manors of Battersea and Wandsworth, but dying without issue, December 30, 1630, the English barony expired. The manors of Battersea and Wandsworth he bequeathed to John, the only surviving son of his brother, and upon that brother himself, Sir John St. John, had devolved, as stated above, the estate at Lydiard. Sir John had married Lucy, daughter and heiress of Sir Walter Hungerford, of Farley, in the county of Wilts, and had surviving issue, Joan; Barbara, married to Sir Edward Villers, knight, by whom she had issue, William and viscount Grandison, whose only daughter and heir, Barbara, married Roger Palmer, earl of Castlemaine, in Ireland; she was afterwards created duchess of Cleveland by Charles II, and was one of the mistresses of that monarch: John, who succeeded as third viscount Grandison: George, fourth viscount Grandison: Edward (Sir) ances-

tor of the earls of Jersey. Sir John was succeeded at his death by his only surviving son, Sir John St. John, knight, of Battersea and Wandsworth (by the bequest of his deceased uncle, lord Grandison); was created a baronet, May 22, 1611. This gentleman was zealously attached to the royal cause, and had three sons slain fighting under the royal standard. He was succeeded at his decease by (the son of his eldest son Oliver, by Catherine, daughter and co-heir of Horatio, lord Vere, baron of Tilbury, which lady married, after his decease, John, lord Poulet) his grandson, Sir John, at whose decease, unmarried, the title reverted to his uncle, Sir Walter, M.P. for the county of Wilts. This gentleman, who resided chiefly at Battersea, married Johanna, daughter of the lord chief justice, St. John; and dying July 3, 1708, was succeeded by his only son, Sir Henry, who was elevated to the peerage as baron St. John, of Battersea, and viscount St. John, July 2, 1716, with remainder to his third and fourth sons, John and Holles; his eldest son Henry, the celebrated secretary of state to queen Anne, having been previously created, July 7, 1712, baron St. John of Lydiard Tregose, and viscount Bolingbroke, in the county of Lincoln, with remainder to the issue of his father. The latter nobleman was attained in 1714, but restored in 1725 to his estates, without his honours. He married twice: his second wife was the marchioness de Vilette, niece to Madame de Maintenon; but he died childless in 1751. Viscount St. John was succeeded by his eldest son by his second wife, Angelica Magdalene, daughter of George Pillesary, treasurer-general of the marine in France, under king Louis XIV. John, second viscount St. John, married, first, Anne, daughter and co-heir of Sir Robert Furness, bart., and had three sons and three daughters. He married, secondly, Hester, eldest daughter of John Clarke, esquire, but by her he had no issue. His lordship died in February, 1749, and was succeeded by his eldest son, George Richard. He left besides two sons and three daughters. The viscount's marriage was dissolved by parliament in 1768, and the lady married the Hon. Topham Beauclerk. His lordship died May 5, 1787, and was succeeded by his elder son, George Richard, fourth viscount St. John and third viscount Bolingbroke; born March 6, 1761; married February 26, 1783, to Charlotte, daughter of the Reverend Thomas Collins, by whom he had issue Henry, the present peer. Her ladyship dying in 1793, lord Bolingbroke married, in 1804, Isabella, baroness Hompesch, by whom he had two sons and two daughters. His lordship died December 11, and was succeeded by the pre-

sent peer, Henry St. John, baron St. John of Lydiard Tregose, in the county of Wilts; baron St. John of Battersea, in the county of Surrey; and a baronet, March 6, 1786. He was married June 2, 1812, to Maria, second daughter of Sir Henry Paulet St. John Mildmay, baronet, who died December 21, 1836, by whom he has issue, Henry, born 1820; Spencer Mildmay, born 1822; and four daughters.

ORIENTAL CAMPAIGNING.— LIEUTENANT BARR.

Though much has been said of the Affghanistan war, we have seen no description of the conflict or series of conflicts which occurred in the dismal Khyber pass, when our avenging army was hastening to the relief of their friends whom treachery had surprised, to compare with the startling picture presented by the Journal of Lieutenant Barr. Let the reader picture to himself a rugged, dreary space, where the enclosing mountains vary from 2000 to 3000 feet, and there are parts of the road where the river's bed is the only passage, and others where a dozen resolute men might repel six hundred; and thus he will have some faint idea of the awful difficulties with which our brave fellows had to contend. Some of the personal risks ran by the writer make us wonder that he should survive to tell of them. Having accomplished a part of their perilous march, he says:

"We could gain no tidings of Mackeson, and were wondering where he could be, when a man arrived, and hastily requested that some assistance might be sent to him, as he had been driven back by a strong force of Khyberries. This, from what we could learn, was consequent on the cowardice of a party of Nujeebs, who had accompanied his band of Moulteanees, and with whom he had at first succeeded in chasing the foe from one post to another, even to occupying a height on the opposite side of the pass, when the Afrudies, receiving reinforcements, made a bold sally, which struck such terror into the Sikh troops that they fled at once. Mackeson, however, retained his advantage as long as he possibly could with the Moulteanees alone, but increasing numbers having poured in, he had been compelled to fall back upon his present position, where, having thrown up a small breastwork of stones, which, in some degree sheltered his men, he nobly maintained the unequal contest. Ferris was forthwith dispatched with his regiment of irregulars to the lieutenant's assistance, and Rattray having been directed to secure the camp below, the colonel and I proceeded along the heights by an execrable path that led us over some steep and rug-

ged rocks, and eventually brought us to the summit of a hill, more level than usual, on which a 'sanga' was immediately commenced, as it flanked the right side of our encampment. We had not been long here when a note was received from Ferris, begging that the mortar might be at once sent forward, as the enemy's numbers had considerably increased, and our own men's ammunition was fast failing. Accordingly, accompanied by a small guard, I pushed onwards without delay, and, at the distance of a mile and a half, reached our position—a rising ground in front of a village, surrounded by a quantity of brushwood as an abattis, and to which our troops could fall back if necessary. The enemy, protected by some low stunted trees, were about three hundred and fifty or four hundred yards in advance of the rising ground on which Mackeson's embankment of stones had been thrown up, and also occupied the heights of a range of hills that nearly faced it; but, being a long distance off, their firing was not very destructive, though occasionally some of their balls told, whilst that from the former was most deadly. Another of their parties, and most probably some of the garrison from Ali Musjid, as they were dressed in a red uniform, lined the crest of a ridge below our left flank, and from thence annoyed our people a good deal. A shell was sent at these fellows, and luckily pitched and exploded amongst them, the success being hailed by our party by a loud huzza, re-echoed again from the surrounding hills; but the enemy nevertheless stood fast, and continued to blaze away at us, some of their bullets passing over our heads, and others, falling short, struck the ground, and bounded onwards with a whiz like the twang of a bow-string. The next shell was not so happy, for it flew over the narrow ridge, and burst harmless in the hollow on the other side, a huzza from the red-coats in return being faintly borne to us on the wings of the breeze, as a testimony of their gratification for its innoxious qualities. This kind of warfare continued upwards of an hour, with more or less success, the balls of our foes in front every now and then passing through a small tree close to a hillock that partially sheltered us, and lopping off the more slender of its branches as clean as if cut with a knife. The heat had now become terrific, and the rays of a noon-day sun darted down with an intensity almost insupportable. Meanwhile, the dead and wounded were being carried from the breastwork to the village in the rear, and amongst the former I observed a particularly fine-looking man, whose long black hair swept the ground as his corpse was being dragged away. The nature of the dependence we might place

on our raw levies was manifested when their ammunition began again to fail, and who one by one, as the individual fired off his last cartridge, left the inclosure on the 'rising ground,' in spite of exhortations, encouragements, and threats to remain until Mackeson, who had gone for some, should return. All was in vain, and it was with the utmost difficulty that either Ferris or I could prevail upon a few to wait until the mortar was dismounted and packed. On this being done a new difficulty arose, as to who should carry it—for with the exception of one, all the bearers had made off whilst we were too busily engaged to observe their movements—and some delay arose ere we could persuade half a dozen of the irregulars to take it as far as the village. Had the Khyberries at this time been aware of the straits to which we were reduced, and had made a bold dash, they might easily have secured the piece of ordnance with ourselves, and the small party that stayed with us. They were deceived, however, by a few hardy spirits who still plied their matchlocks from the enclosure with unabated vigour, and whose bold front portended that other troops must be at hand ready to support them and take their places. These were at length called in, and our position was, of necessity, being abandoned for want of ammunition. The cessation of our fire soon made our intentions known to the Khyberries, who, preceded by a white banner, were rapidly advancing to occupy the ground we had quitted, when Mackeson happily arrived with reinforcements of men and material, and, perceiving their object, gallantly rushed forward with a huzza, and succeeded in regaining the stockade before the Afreedies, who returned to the clump of trees. As all the shells but one had been expended, it was not deemed expedient to unpack the mortar again, and as it was also thought hazardous to leave it at the village during the night, I was obliged to ride to the colonel's 'sanga' for assistance to remove it to the camp. Having obtained an order from him for some coolies, and also received fresh instructions for Mackeson, I once more retraced my steps to the scene of active operations, and on my way fortunately discovered a number of the deserters, who, in bands of twos and threes, had concealed themselves behind rocks and cliffs. By dint of persuasion, force, and no small portion of coaxing, I succeeded in getting them to return with me, and having seen the mortar perched upon their shoulders, proceeded to give the colonel's message to Mackeson.

"As I crossed the exposed piece of ground alone, it was easily perceived from my dress that I was a feringhee, and the shots in consequence flew around me

rather thick. I, however, reached the stockade unhurt, where, within, I found Ferris and Mackeson comfortably reclining on the ground with their backs against the breast-work, and there I joined them, having first been cautioned to stoop when passing over the interior, as everything that appeared above the wall was immediately struck. Whilst seated here, the balls occasionally rattled away at our backs, and yielded us the satisfaction of knowing that the enemy was wasting his ammunition to no purpose. As it was getting late, I was not able to stay long; so, giving Mackeson his instructions, I took my leave, re-crossed the stockade, and received another salute of bullets as I returned over the exposed spot, one of which struck the ground not a quarter of an inch from my foot. On reaching camp, I felt so exhausted from heat and fatigue that I threw myself at once on my couch, and was soon asleep."

ELEPHANTA CAVERN, EAST INDIES.

ADDRESSED TO AN AMATEUR ARTIST IN
ORIENTAL SCENERY, OF SHOTOVER HOUSE,
OXON.

Oh! thou descendant of a courtly race,
Of polished manners, and of comely grace;
With skill and taste the human form to draw,
Faithful to art, and simple nature's law;
With matchless power to paint the hidden scenes,
The work of ages, and of eastern kings;
To bring to light old India's famous story,
Elora's pride! and Elephanta's glory;
Pourtray correct the wonders of the cave,
Sacred to Hindoo gods! and warriors brave!

On Elephanta's isle a train appeared,
Led by a noble youth whom all revered,
With firm intent to seek the cavern's store
Amidst an isle; around whose sandy shore
The monsoon rages! and the surges roar!
"Haste, haste, my friends," he cried, "let all pre-
pare,

The equal labours of the day to share;
Each try his utmost ere the slanting ray
Announce the coming of departed day.
Advance, my friends! the blazing torch display,
Astound the reptiles, making your survey;
The statues count, and measure well their size,
Whilst all their forms my faithful sketch supplies,
And as they all survey the wondrous space,
High sculptur'd busts are seen with triple face!
Of solid rock, each mighty figure stands
Full thirty feet above the glittering sands!
Great Bramha, Vishnu, Seeva! three in one,
Display the Hindoo deity in stone!
So gentle Vishnu, with a pleasing face,
The friend, the lover, of the human race;
Who breathes benignly on the fertile soil,
And crowns with ripened fruits the labourer's toil;
Like to the Goddess kind, of heathen fame,
Giver of plenty, Ceres her loved name,
Seeva, whose face a fiery rancour bears,
Malignant, cruel, each bad passion shares;
In either hand a hooded serpent lies,
Whilst writhing snakes the place of hair supplies.
A human skull surmounts its horrid head,
Dire emblem of destruction and the dead!
Now, more remote, appears a noble prize,
Colossal beast! full thrice the common size.
An elephant! bestrode by artless youth,
Symbol of love! of innocence! and truth!

Who guides, or seems to guide, by gentle means,
The wisest monarch of the sylvan scenes.
The blazing torch now shows the vaulted dome,
Upheld by stalks of richly sculptured stone.
In fluted shafts, correct in order stand,
Swelled in the centre by the sculptor's hand.
Whilst many a tablet deep in Hindoo lore,
From end to end the massive pillars bore;
Then hosts of figures rise in bold relief,
Impressed with faces marked by deepest grief;
But one more dreadful than the rest is seen—
A giant figure with terrific mien,
With many hands, and wide extended mouth,
Ready to gorge an infant that's held forth;
With eagerness he grasps his victim's thigh,
While on the dying infant rests his eye.
Next, the spectator views a group at prayer,
With rings, and bracelets, such as Hindoos wear.
Here, ranged on high, vast galleries extend
Along the sculptur'd walls from end to end;
From which the worshippers behold the rites
Performed in secret during fearful nights—
When persecution held its bloody sway
Through dire decrees of hateful tyranny,
Against the Hindoo tribes—by "Tamerlane,"
Y'clept the Tartar of destroying fame!
Now the fierce Tartar hordes are swept away,
Vast Hindoo temples rise in face of day.
Huge Juggernaut! and Matra on the shore,
In bright Golconda, with its diamond ore!
When hosts of victims strew the purple sand,
Mistaken zealots, at their chief's command.
These rites are lost to Elephanta's cave,
There silence reigns—the silence of the grave.
No vigils held—no priests, with zealous care,
The portals keep exposed to open air,
A yawning gulph! with marks of sure decay,
Where enter savage beasts and birds of prey,
And horrid reptiles wend their noxious way.
The task is done! and next they all prepare
To form the chosen feast with holy care;
A cold collation now invites the taste,
Pronounced by all a sweet and rich repast.
Delicious wines the attending "Ayah" * brought.
The cooling rills produced a grateful draught:
Whilst George's voice sublime did nobly sing,
High notes resounding, in loud echoes ring!
And, now, their leader's voice they all obey—
Warned by the cheerless gloom and sloping ray;
With hastened steps they bend toward the strand:
And gave the signal to the sailor band,
The ready seaman slips the slender mast,
The foresail hook, and makes the tackle fast;
Each takes his seat, and high ascends the sail,
Æolus blows from shore—the evening gale;
Now that the dangers of the main are o'er,
All rose in joy, and leapt upon the shore.

A. V. D.

THE ICE TRADE, OR THE MARCH OF COMMERCE.

The magic of trade is most surprising.
It completely, in many cases, inverts what
was the ordinary course of things, but in no
instance within our memory has this been
more strikingly exemplified than in the fol-
lowing details which the *Liverpool Standard*
has furnished of one new branch of com-
merce, the Ice Trade. We read:—

Ice has become a great article of export
in America. Sixty thousand tons are an-
nually sent from Boston to southern parts,
the East and West Indies, &c.; and as
saw-dust is solely used in packing, a large
trade is also carried on in that article.
The ice-houses, near the lakes and ponds,

* Common attendant.

are immense wooden buildings, capable of holding 10,000 to 20,000 tons each; some of them, indeed, cover half an acre of ground. They are built with double walls, that is, with an inner wall all round, two feet from the outer one; and the space between is filled with saw-dust—a non-conductor—making a solid wall, impervious to heat and air, and of ten feet in thickness. The machines employed for cutting the ice are very beautiful, and the work is done by men and horses in the following manner:—

The ice that is intended to be cut is kept clear of snow, as soon as it is sufficiently thick to bear the weight of the men and horses to be employed, which it will do at six inches; and the snow is kept scraped from it until it is thick enough to cut. A piece of ice is cleared of two acres in extent, which, at a foot thick, will give about 2,000 tons. By keeping the snow off it freezes thicker, as the frost is allowed freely to penetrate. When the time of cutting arrives, the men commence upon one of these pieces, by getting a straight line through the centre each way. A small hand-plough is pushed along the line until the groove is about a quarter of an inch in width, and three inches deep, when they commence with the marker—an implement drawn by two horses—which makes new grooves parallel with the first, twenty-one inches, the gauge remaining in the first groove. It is then shifted to the outside groove, and makes two more. The same operation goes on in parallel rectangular lines, until the ice is all marked out into squares of twenty-one inches. In the meanwhile the plough is following in these grooves, drawn by a single horse, a man leading it, and he cuts up the ice to a depth of six inches. The outer blocks are then sawn out, and iron bars are used in splitting them. These bars are like a spade, of a wedge form. In dropping them into the grooves the ice splits off, and a very slight blow is sufficient to separate them; and they split easy or hard, according to the weather in a very cold day. Ice is very brittle in keen frost; in comparatively softer weather, it is more ductile and resistible. Platforms or low tables are placed near the opening made in the ice, with an iron slide reaching from them into the water; and a man stands on each side with an ice-hook, very much like a boat-hook, but made of steel, with fine sharp points. With these the ice is hooked with a jerk, that throws it on the platform on the sides, which are of the same height. On a cold day everything becomes covered with ice, and the blocks are each sent spinning along, although they each weigh two cwt., as if they weighed only a pound. The slides are large lattice-work platforms to allow

the ice to drain, and three tons can thus be easily run in one of them by one horse. It is then carried to the ice-houses, discharged upon a platform in front of the doors, and hoisted into the building by a horse. Forty men and twelve horses will cut and stow away 400 tons a day. If the weather be favourable, 100 men are sometimes employed at once; and in three weeks, the ice-crop, about 200,000 tons, is secured. Some winters it is very difficult to secure it, as a rain or thaw may come and destroy the labour of weeks, and render the ice unfit for market; and then it may snow and rain upon that, before those employed have time to clear it off; and if the latter freezes the result is *snow-ice*, which is of no value, and has to be planed off. The operation of planing proceeds in nearly the same manner as that of cutting. A plane gauged to run in the grooves made by the "marker," and which will shave the ice to a depth of three inches at one cut, is drawn by a horse, until the whole piece is regularly planed over. The chips are then scraped off. If the ice is not then clear, the work is continued until the pure ice is reached, and a few nights of hard frost will make it as thick below—inches for inches—for what has been taken off above. The ice is transported on railways. Each ice-house has a branch railway from the main line; and is conveyed in properly constructed box-wagons to Boston—a distance of (as the locality may be) ten to eighteen miles. The tools, machinery, &c., employed, and the building of houses, and constructing and keeping up the railroads, &c., are very expensive; yet the facilities are such, through good management, that ice can be furnished at a very trifling cost per pound; and a failure in the ice crop in America would be a great calamity.

BANDITTI IN CALABRIA.

Within the last quarter of a century organised bandits have infested Calabria, such as we could hardly expect to find any time these three hundred years out of a romance or a melo-drama. A general officer, writing of his residence there, thus describes the mixed population of the place:

"The Calabrian, who has become a brigand, and he who cultivates the soil, have so many relations in common, that they cannot well be distinguished from each other. Their manners, dress, and mode of arming, are the same. The only difference is, that the brigand employs the fruits of his plunder in the purchase of a cotton velvet waistcoat, garnished with silver buttons, and in providing plumes and ribands to ornament his hat. Some bandit chiefs make a parade of luxury and dress. There

are among them fellows who, boasting of having received military rank from the English and the court of Palermo, figure in a sort of scarlet uniform, with epaulettes. They preserve control over their band by means of terror; disobedience or discontent is soon followed by a prompt and violent death."

In the district of Rogliano, one daring assassin spread terror around. "Francatripa," writes the general, in 1832, "endued by nature with great vigour of body and shrewdness of mind, and being perfectly well acquainted with every part of the canton, besides having a considerable number of partisans in all directions, knows well how to baffle whatever attacks are made upon him. When closely pressed, he retires for the time to a great distance from the scene of his murderous depredations; but so soon as the pursuit is over, he suddenly reappears, and again carries desolation through the country. Placing himself upon the heights that command the usual lines of communication, he constantly harasses our couriers, in order to get possession of their dispatches, which he sends off to Sicily. His presence keeps the troops in a state of perpetual exertion, the more painful because it is often attended with no advantageous results. In the month of September last, a company of voltigeurs of the 29th regiment of the line, while crossing the high mountains of the Sylva proceeded from Catanzaro to Cosenza, was cut off on its march by Francatripa's band. This company lost its way, and just before it arrived at a village called Gli-Parenti, which is the common haunt of brigands, who share their plunder with the inhabitants, Francatripa, fearing to engage in open combat, thought it more advisable to have recourse to an odious stratagem, which succeeded far beyond his expectations. Meeting the company before it entered the village, he presented himself as the commander of the National Guards, and said he came on the part of the commune to offer refreshments to the troops. The officers of this detachment, being unacquainted with the country, accepted the invitation without any distrust, and suffered themselves to be conducted by him to a large mansion, where, confiding in the feigned cordiality of their perfidious hosts, they were improvident enough to cause the arms of the troops to be piled on the ground in front of the door. To inspire the soldiers with a still greater sense of security, Francatripa and his villainous associates pressed them to take with them refreshments for the march; and just at the moment when they were preparing to resign themselves to repose, a pistol shot fired from a window was the signal for a general massacre. The three officers, seated toge-

ther in the parlour, were instantly dispatched. A shower of balls from the adjacent houses and from every approach to the spot, left no point of retreat open to those unfortunate soldiers, of whom not more than seven succeeded in making their escape."

The Gatherer.

Time and Eternity.—Time is the precipice from which man is hurled into the shoreless ocean of eternity. Flowers of the brightest hue bloom upon its edge, whereon how many unconsciously stand, a moment only intervening between them and their fall into the fathomless abyss.

Music by Moonlight.—Beautiful are the associations which music by moonlight has power to awaken in the soul. Strolling on the banks of Windermere, upon a summer's eve, when the sweet planet of the night encircles with a silvery halo this English fairy land; if a simple melody be heard in the distance, how the heart vibrates beneath its influence, and what touching memories of vanished hours revive. We again wander in the cloudless regions of youth; love and friendship our ministering angels; the spectres of departed hopes arise to enwreath our temples with diadems of dust, and to strew our paths with phantom flowers; while love again converts the sterile earth into a paradise—the charm is broken! and awaking from our reverie, we sigh to learn that the barrier of experience precludes our return to the Eden of happiness!

Vast Importance of Heraldry.—Sir Edward Bolton, author of *Hypercritica*, and several other works, in a letter written about the middle of the seventeenth century and addressed to Sir William Segar, garter king at arms, thus dwells on the dignity and value of heraldry:—"I dare bee hold to say, and, by the grace of God, am sure, that I can maintain it to bee true, that the old rules, and reverend high regards of external honor, and arms, soberly working upon the most noble of humane affections, love of praise and glorie, were supremely instrumental, under almightie God, to all the renown of our most famous ancestors, which, without the instauration of the same, shall never perhaps return to us the English any more. For those were the glorious dayes, under Edward of Windsor (that most magnanimous and triumphant monarek) in which the arguments and testimonial monuments of noblesse, and of warlike worth, were in so pretious and so high an estimation, that the famous question between *Scrope* and *Grosvenor*, in the Court Marshall of England, about

the right of bearing *Azure, a bend Gold*, filled the longest or one of the longest records, which are at this day extant, in all the close rolls of the Tower of London, and is worthily also, for the dignity and splendor of the witnesses (vouching their own knowledge, and their fore-fathers' traditional reports), and for most brave and heroic quality of the evidences (declaring in what fields and fights that goodly coat of arms was displayed) and unfolding many rare pieces, for the *The Herald's History of the Chevalrie of England*, that it should not be always locked up in a cupboard, but look out of the printers' press, upon the degenerate world, and erect the same into a suitable love of glory for virtues' cause."

George II and Frederick the Great.—These contemporary kings, the first earl of Malmesbury, in his correspondence, describes to have been very hostile. He says, "their hatred began by the quarrels they had when boys, and was carried on with the greatest inveteracy, on both sides, to the day of their deaths. George called Frederick 'Mon frère le Sergent,' and Frederick; George—'Mon frère le maître-à-danser.' When the king of Prussia was on his death-bed, and was surrounded by his queen, his sons, &c., he asked the priest, 'Must I, to go to paradise, forgive all my enemies?' On receiving for answer that without it, it was impossible, he turned round to his queen, and said, 'Eh bien, donc, Dorothee, écrivez à votre frère, dites lui que je lui pardonne tout le mal qu'il m'a fait. Oui, dit-il, dites lui que je lui pardonne, mais attendez que je sois mort.'"

Diplomacy of the last Century.—The sincerity of politicians is not badly sketched in the following passage in one of the first earl of Malmesbury's letters. Being at the court of Russia, he says, speaking of prince of Potemkin, "I see him daily, and the pains he takes to deceive me are not greater than those I take to make him believe I am deceived by him. I follow him, however, through all his paths; and although I never can have the means of preventing the evil he is working, it will, at least, never take me unprepared."

A new African Traveller.—A young French officer, M. Maizon, has received a commission to explore southern Africa. He is to enter the country at Zanguebar, and join the Arab merchants, who leave the eastern coast, at certain periods, for the interior.

Anecdote of a General.—When general Zetlitz, one of Frederick the Great's generals, was only a lieutenant, he happened to be near his Prussian majesty on a bridge which crossed the Oder. The king asked him, if both the avenues of the bridge

were possessed by the enemy, what he would do to disengage himself. Zetlitz, without making an answer, immediately leaped his horse over the rails into the river, and, notwithstanding its breadth and rapidity, swam safe ashore. The king, who took it for granted he must be drowned, on seeing him come towards him said, "Monsieur le Major, je vous prie de ne plus faire de coups pareils." From that time forward he was said to get on swimmingly.

A Prize for Mathematicians.—Among the manuscripts in the university of Dorpat, have been found twenty-three manuscripts and unpublished works of the celebrated mathematician, Euler. These manuscripts, in Latin, French, and German, all dealing with the most profound questions of science, have been purchased by the Imperial Academy of Sciences in the capital, and will be included in a new edition of Euler's works, which that body is preparing for publication.

Westminster Abbey.—The dean and chapter of Westminster, long reported to be about to provide better and increased accommodation for the crowds which attend the abbey services, seem to be quickening into a course of immediate action. The plan, if understood, is to open the north transept into the church, and to locate the congregation there as well as in the chancel. This step would necessitate the removal wholly, or partially, of the monuments in that part. For Westmacott's monument of Fox, and Flaxman's lord Mansfield, at least, other sites must be found.

Habits of Swans.—"Where swans are kept on a moderately-sized sheet of water the old ones, as spring approaches, pursue their own brood with a ferocity scarcely conceivable; till at last, the poor fugitives betake themselves to the land. To curb these rancorous proceedings on the part of the parent birds, I cut through the web of their feet, and this at once diminished their powers of speed. The young birds soon perceived the change in their favour, and profited by it; for, on finding that they could easily outswim their pursuing parents, they set their fury at naught, and kept out of their reach with very little exertion."—*Waterton.*

CORRESPONDENTS.

"Life," and "the Grave," are declined. Several articles intended for the present number are necessarily declined. We cannot insert *Damon's* sonnet. "The Spirit of the Just," wants the *spirit of poetry*. B. S. "Electric Currents." The battery, which was stated to be two inches in diameter, ought to have read ten.

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